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Guide to South Bend, Indiana - 1850

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FROM

Andrew P. Peabody

A Guide

TO

South Bend, Notre Dame du Lac,

And Saint Mary's,

INDIANA.

"A Guide! demanded the traveler. Yes, a guide, talkative, filled to the brim with historical and traditional lore; spicy, witty, honest, not profound, to win me from the labyrinths of care, and cheat the sluggard hours of half their ennui."

BALTIMORE . . . PRINTED BY JOHN MURPHY & Co.

MARBLE BUILDING, 182 BALTIMORE STREET.

1859.

*Gift of Rev.
 Andrew D. Williams.
 (Class of 1820.)*

GUIDE.



AMERICANS are great travelers, but they are not yet versed in the science of traveling. They will lounge, and stretch themselves, and declare there is nothing to be seen in America, when perhaps their feet are treading a soil bathed in the blood of heroes—nature's heroes, made heroes by motive principles appertaining to the natural order—spiritual heroes, made thus by the invigorating life of grace.

American travelers too often carelessly and rudely pass by scenes thus hallowed, in a wild and reckless go-a-headativeness, and search of adventure. It is not that our country lacks its home narratives, pathetic, laughable or thrilling, to render their localities interesting to future visitors; for scarce a grassy dell, embosomed in the densest depths of gigantic forests, or quiet villa, settling itself upon the heaving bosom of some broad prairie, but has its romance, born of reality, instructive and amusing; but it is after all to the lives that have been lived, the acts that have been performed, the heart-throbs of woe or joy, that a large portion of this earth of ours is indebted for its most intense and living interest. Gigantic mountains may grandly tower to cap the clouds and watch the trembling glacier, and be uninteresting to the majority; but let it be known that an artist or hero of renown has tended in sight of these a little flock of sheep; that here his pliant mind was formed to deeds of daring, or his eye trained to guide his pencil with artistic skill, and suddenly the whole world that has found pleasure in his life, longs to perform a pilgrimage to the now classic region which saw the dawn and early nurture of his genius.

"Heart flows to heart, and mind to mind,
 Not wood and lake and stone."

Americans throw aside tradition; no wonder that they deem their country barren of interest, and search in other lands for what they spurn at home. Jog, jog goes the weary world, with recklessness and waste of all God's gifts on the one hand, and sordid care, with selfishness, eating like a canker into the very fibres of the soul on the other; while the many, running to and fro that knowledge may be increased, catch only a surface view for want of a guide. Truly whatever road we travel, material or spiritual, we ever need a guide.

South Bend!

Cries the gentlemanly conductor on the Northern Indiana and Southern Michigan R. R.; and the door slams, and the cars creak, and rock, and rattle, all in a way as positive and independent as the age of railroads itself. Now visitors to Notre Dame and St. Mary's must pick up their et cæteras and make their way with the crowd that usually find the terminus of their journey here, to the rival omnibusses that are drawn up on the opposite side of the depot. And here, to

perform well my office of guide, let me advise my traveler to Notre Dame, if he arrives in the day time and desires to go immediately, not to suffer himself to be over-persuaded, cajoled or confused by the various and earnest vociferations of the runners from the different hotels, but seek the line which is in readiness, at every arrival of the trains in the day time, to convey him directly to his destination.

Here let me pause to say a word about our thriving city of South Bend. There is of course a significance in the name, but it is one surely not immediately obvious to the stranger. "South Bend" means just nothing to him. Doubtless the first inhabitants were so struck with the peculiar advantages, in a manufacturing and commercial point of view, of the location, as to give no thought to the consideration that bye and bye, when their town should command attention far away from its immediate surroundings, its title would prove completely unsuggestive abroad. They were perhaps in the condition of the little urchin who was accosted by a stranger thus: "Halloo! my lad, who is that man in the field yonder?" "Why it's dad. Did'n't you know that before?" reasoning very logically to be sure, that a fact familiar to such a little boy should be perfectly understood by a big man that could ride a great high horse. So the South Benders knew that they were right in a grand and important curve of the St. Joseph river, which would give them the advantage of an immense "water privilege," and knowing this fact so very well, they doubtless thought that the simple word South Bend would bring before the mind of the restless emigrant from eastern soil, visions of thousands added to thousands in the short space in which Yankee thrift and enterprise are willing to allow for the accumulation of a magnificent fortune, on which to rest and trust when age has silvered the locks and furrowed the face; but to speak quite plainly to you, stranger, it is my private opinion that more would have been attracted by a name meaning more in itself, more euphonious, poetical, and calling to the mind and heart a secret wealth of living thought and feeling. We need something in this sordid, grasping age, to wake the sluggish sensibilities, and remind man that he is burying in the dross of earth the finest, most aspiring sentiments of the soul, only in the free expansion of which can the highest happiness be found. Then pray let us have sweet names in every day use, for, stranger, 'tis true, as Rogers says so smoothly:

"Lulled in the countless chambers of the brain,
Our thoughts are linked by many a hidden chain;
Awake but one, and lo! what myriads rise,
Each stamps its image as the other flies."

But pray, stranger, excuse a garrulous old guide, who has got so used to the sound of his own voice that he is lost when he hears it not.

And now I've freed my mind respecting the name the good people have bestowed on this pleasant and thriving town, while we are waiting for the passengers to take their seats, I will fulfil my promise to tell you all about South Bend.

We cannot see much of the town from the depot here, but it is a very flourishing place, and if you have any idea of locating out West, you could'n't do better than to look around hereabouts, stranger. Perhaps you aint much acquainted, and don't know this is the county seat of St. Joseph county, and has already about four thousand inhabitants. It lies on the western bank of the St. Joseph at its most southern extremity, just where it bends with protecting em-

brace and flows swiftly on, heeding not the arbitrary lines that man lays down to mark the boundaries of States, but hastening to yield its tribute to the westernmost of the great chain of lakes. The streets of South Bend are broad, and cut each other at right angles, and it is situated on elevated ground, so that its character for salubrity will not be disputed. Then, you see, they have the advantage of being so near Chicago, only 85 miles, and no changing of cars. I am sure you would be quite astonished if you knew what a large amount of produce, lumber and manufactured articles are shipped at this place. In addition to the railroad, we have small steamboats occasionally plying the river to some distance above this.

As we ride along, you will notice the dam erected by the enterprising South Bend manufacturing company. It cost \$35,000, and creates a vast water power rarely surpassed. They have twenty-nine water wheels in constant operation, using on an average three hundred inches of water each, under a head of seven feet, and at the lowest stage of the water not one-half is used. No, there is no better place for manufacturing business, I assure you; they have two large flouring mills, extensive furniture manufactories, a furnace, sash and blind shop, chair shop, machine shop, saw mills, and many other establishments of a similar character. A great deal of oak, cherry, maple and black walnut lumber is shipped, manufactured and otherwise, to different markets.

That building, did you say? Why, that's the Court House, one of the finest buildings of which the State can boast, is built of cut Athens stone, and cost \$40,000. The one opposite is the St. Joseph Hotel, and cost an equal sum. Yes, it is a fine building on the outside, and well arranged and conducted within, making a very desirable stopping place for the traveler. The very accommodating proprietor will be sure to make the occupants of his house forget half the ills of traveling and hotel life by his gentlemanly attention. Many larger places cannot boast of so fine and commodious a home for those who are attracted within their limits.

South Bend contains about thirty stores, besides a large number of smaller shops and groceries. It has six churches and five school houses. A branch of the Bank of the State of Indiana is located here, and they have a fine banking house built in a chaste style of Grecian architecture. Indeed the increasing population and wealth of the place are a sufficient assurance that before many cycles of the journeying years it will be a town of much importance, and together with the adjacent town of New Lowell, which shares with it in the unrivaled water privilege, will eventually be numbered among the manufacturing cities of the West.

But here we are coming upon the bridge that spans the swift waters of the St. Joseph. This bridge, the best on the river, is a most substantial structure, capable of resisting any possible pressure upon it by the swollen and angry river during the season of freshets,—an important consideration, truly; for though the St. Joseph never overflows its banks, it has its occasional outbursts of violence, to which former bridges have more than once succumbed.

After leaving the bridge we come upon the addition to the town, known as New Lowell. No doubt a few more busy years will make apparent the appropriateness of this name. The town spreads over quite an extent of ground, beautifully undulating and picturesque in its surface. You notice that pretty little Gothic structure with the bell gable. It is the school of the Sisters of the Holy Cross for the instruction of the Catholic children of the town. Here also on Sundays and Holidays there are High Mass and Sermon for those of the

towns-people who cannot conveniently assist at the more stately celebration of Divine service at the college church. In a few months the Sisters will have another school on a larger scale and with more ample accommodations on the other side of the river, in South Bend proper.

We go leisurely along in a north-east direction, gradually ascending a high bank from which the eye takes in at one glance a fine retrospective and panoramic view of the striving villages; there they lie before us sleeping in the picturesque quietness that distance lends. From the point we have now gained we have to the left a charming view of the serpentine course of the river, a silver vein among the emerald fields. We turn directly north, and are pleasantly surprised with an unexpected view of the Notre Dame buildings, rising in fine and graceful proportions, and forming the terminus of the broad and beautiful avenue that has with admirable taste been opened directly in front of the college through the immense farm of the institution. I might have mentioned a fact interesting to a portion of the American community, viz: that the Provincial Superior of the Order of Holy Cross has added to the town of New Lowell some squares of building lots laid out very eligibly. This location would be extremely desirable for Catholic laborers who have families, since they could find employment at New Lowell as operatives in various departments of manufacture, or at Notre Dame in the making of lime, &c.

But we are already on the premises, and may immediately mark the eminently religious and devotional feeling that characterises every thing appertaining to this place. You observe at this point those four large fields laid out with much precision and regularity, two on either side of the highway. Each of these contains fifty acres, and they bear the names respectively of St. Peter, St. Paul, St. John and St. James. On the right these fields form the boundaries of the College grounds; on the left field succeeds to field as far as the St. Joseph's enviroing banks. Look back fifteen years to the period when the land that now has the appearance of a gently undulating prairie was a complete forest, but recently occupied by the dusky Pottawattamie. Upon this soil have their council fires blazed; here has the wisdom of the heathen nation been congregated, and doubtless charmed circles formed and rigid fastings observed to call forth from the invisible world knowledge of passing events, and obtain the aid of superior beings in deeds of treachery and crime. Proceeding along this fine avenue, and observing the various points of interest and attraction, the College and double-tower front of the church, the two Noviciates at the west, the farm houses all distinctly visible from this point, and in the distance the buildings of St. Mary's there away beyond the tiny lake—it is difficult to realize how within a bare score of cycles of the sun, what a far different aspect these broad acres wore—difficult to roll up the panorama of these active years of civilizing life, and restore ideally the actual of thirty years ago, when Chicago even had scarcely a place upon the map, and the whole region between that point and Toledo was, as respects commerce, agriculture and social life, almost a blank. On these lands, now so beautiful to the eye, and displaying on all sides the evidences of the presence of Christian life, there were but the missionary's loneliness, his weary watchings, his forced fasts, his rude hut, and his conquests for God.

We are about midway on the avenue, and immediately in front of the last resting place of the dead. This is the cemetery of the Catholic congregation attached to the college. Among the tastefully designed monuments, you discover one conspicuous among the rest. It marks the grave of Mrs. TALLY, of

Chicago. Her husband and children have here displayed, with as much refinement and delicacy as piety, their loving memory of the dear departed one. Just outside the limits of the consecrated ground, you observe another elegant tomb, or rather mausoleum, beautifully designed, and surmounted with a well proportioned cross, gracefully springing from the roof. The inscription on the door of the vault, you can plainly discern is "A. Coquillard." He was the founder of South Bend, and to his enterprise and liberality the town was greatly indebted for its advancement up to the time of his death, which occurred from an accident a few years ago.

We are now coming to the shops of the manual labor department. About fifty apprentices are here learning the various principal trades, viz: the tailor's, shoemaker's, carpenter's, cabinet and wagon maker's, blacksmith's and locksmith's, the cooper's, the baker's, and finally farming, according to inclination and strength. The work from these various shops is chiefly consumed by the inmates of the institutions, numbering over five hundred persons, and by the immediate neighbors. Much preference has been shown for work turned out from these shops, whenever it has been possible to exceed the home demand, as has been the case for some time in the boot-makers' department, whose products are eagerly sought for outside of the college. These manual labor shops exist under a special charter distinct from the other institutions, bearing date 1844.

The apprentices have no intercourse whatever with the students of the University, neither are they governed by the same rules. They are received from the age of twelve years and upward, and apprenticed with the usual indenture. On entering they pay a fee of fifty dollars, and bring a sufficient supply of clothing for one year, being under no further expenses while they remain in the institution. They are also allowed two-and-half hours per day, besides Sunday and festival days, which all Catholics know occur quite frequently through the year, for study and recreation. That is to say, a sufficient time is allowed them to acquire a good English education during their stay as apprentices. Thus they enter the business world with a good knowledge of some useful trade on which to depend for a livelihood. At the same time they have also received a training calculated to make them worthy American citizens, understanding sufficiently well governmental relations to perform intelligently all the duties that may be required of them, while there is superadded a pure and thorough Christian discipline, which must undoubtedly prove a wonderful preservative amidst the temptations of all after life. The impartation of such discipline to its youth is the true way to render the American government permanent; for a republic, unless sustained by Christian principles, has within itself a seed of decay, sooner or later to be developed. It is my opinion, freely given, stranger, that the only hope for our country at this period is the thorough inculcation of Christ's teachings and life into the hearts of those who will soon have the responsibility of maintaining the liberties purchased by the prayers and blood of our forefathers. Believe me, in this manual labor school is the germ of future good to the State, such as from the very nature of the case, all institutions, conducted on Christian principles, and with Christian aims, must have. I regret to tell you, stranger, that with all the advantages here offered to our working community—the bone and sinew of the country—not one-third of the applicants can be received for want of room. New buildings are contemplated of sufficient extent to accommodate a much larger number than is now possible, to be erected on a more eligible site than that now occupied, and the ground is selected and marked out near the farm houses. I feel the importance of this department so greatly as I

look over the world and take thought of the political duty and responsibility resting equally upon the working class as upon the wealthy—and then contemplate the want of fixed moral principles among so many of them, rendering them liable to become the prey of selfish demagogues and to lend themselves to any political movement which happens to sway the hour, no matter how subversive of the common welfare, that I feel like going out from the peaceful scenes around me, and begging those who sincerely love their country to come to the aid of this philanthropic work.

But we have reached the porte cochere of the college enclosure. You observe those two small porter's lodges in the corners, facing the public road. That one on the east side is the Notre Dame post office. This post office is acknowledged with gratitude as a favor obtained from the department through the influence and good offices of the late Hon. HENRY CLAY, whose memory is ever cherished here as that of a benefactor of the institution and neighborhood. To the office we will drive, for here we shall find the polite assistant postmaster, who ever takes real pleasure in showing all visitors every thing of interest about the premises. Should he be engaged with another party, which would not be an unusual occurrence, we will ring his bell, and then walk through this sweet little garden, ascend the centre stairs, and take our seats in the parlor, which is the first door on the right as we enter. Here we shall find plenty to amuse ourselves with, until Brother Peter arrives.

This is a picture of Pio Nono, the present Holy Father. What thrilling emotions arise at the bare mention of his illustrious name! Successor of St. Peter, who from being an humble fisherman, was made the attracting centre around which the whole church should revolve in harmonic unity! Pio Nono, according to this picture, has the mild expression of childhood's innocency—as if he could enfold in his capacious charity the whole world, and never think even in the most secret chamber of his soul—"now why don't you all feel and acknowledge how devoted and kind I am?" Self adulation is not the language of that face, and diplomacy, in the common acceptation of the word, is as far removed from him as are weakness and imbecility.

This portrait, on the same side of the room, is that of the Abbe Moreau, the founder of the order of the Holy Cross, who is still living in France. This portrait at first is not striking; but, after becoming a little accustomed to it, you feel as if you were in the presence of a person who would read more of you by seeing you one moment, or hearing one sentence from your tongue, than ordinary persons would know of you after long acquaintance. You feel a little nervous under the penetrating gaze of those eyes, and think you would prefer to hear a few words drop from those lips before subjecting yourself to so rigid a scrutiny. You feel that you are in the grasp of a strong but kind man; a man that never fails to know what he is about; one who digests to perfection all facts that come before him. However, those who have the honor of a personal acquaintance with the Abbe, lament that they are per force obliged to make content with so poor a likeness of their loved Father Rector.

Ladies will find some of those specimens of needle-work interesting and beautiful. A fine tableau in worsted, and the embroidery of the chairs and sofa, will repay a close examination, particularly that beautiful Gothic chair in the corner. I have heard ladies say, when examining it, that it is quite equal to any specimens they saw on exhibition at the world's fair in New York. Again, sir, we must not overlook the Tablet of Honor. The design is wrought in colors of chemille and gold, and has this additional interest of containing the names of

those students that are entirely worthy of commendation. All of this fancy work has been executed at St. Mary's. Here on a table is a book for the curious, containing in neat penmanship the Lord's Prayer in one hundred and forty different languages, written a few years since by as many students at the Propaganda. You observe also a Latin petition, at the bottom of which you may see, not only the authentic signature of Pio Nono, but also two lines written by his own hand. The engravings adorning the walls of this room are the work of some of the first masters in Italy.

But here comes Brother Peter, and we will not keep him waiting, but may return and finish our survey of these articles of skill at our leisure. The college is composed of the central or main building and two spacious wings. The whole rises four stories and-a-half from the ground. The basement contains the wash rooms; in the east wing is the recreation room for the larger students, and in the west wing the dining room. The first floor of the centre contains the parlor we have just left, the president's room, the secretary's office, and the book and stationery store. The eastern room on this floor is the senior students' study room, in size sixty-six feet by forty. Above is one of the sleeping rooms or dormitories, and still above this the laboratory and lecture hall of the professor of chemistry, the museum, the library, and a large hall for the drills of the college military company, for dancing lessons, &c.

In the western wing the first floor is the juniors' study room, 40x40, and the remainder of the wing is occupied by the third department of the institution—the juveniles, numbering now about two dozen. They range in age from six to ten, and are placed under the exclusive care and tuition of a middle aged American female teacher, who truly takes the place of a tender and loving mother with her infantile charge. We shall find her in this department unlike the professors of the higher classes, never feeling disturbed by kindly intruders; she seems to have no fear that visitors will create distraction among her interesting family, and if you please, a little time may be pleasantly spent in listening to the ready and very intelligent replies of the pupils to a variety of questions on the maps, &c. Here let me remark *en passant*, stranger, that the infirmary and wardrobe of all the students are exclusively under the charge of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, who, in a separate building from the college, attend the sick and provide all comforts for them with ready thoughtfulness and sympathy.

The Dining Room.

This is an apartment elegant and interesting to all visitors, not simply at the hours of meals, but at all others, because of the beautiful fresco paintings. These, as well as those we shall see in the church, are the work of Prof. J. Ackermann, a German artist of considerable merit. None of them need special commendation here—they speak to every eye their own praise; but to me the world renowned and magnificent St. Peter's is represented with the best effect of all for accuracy and freshness. I suppose it is indeed a rare specimen of workmanship.

At the north end of the room we will pause awhile before the Tableau of Honor, for in this lies the epitome and secret of the success of the institution, or at least such is the claim of the president and faculty, and I see no reason for disputing it. But one name is inscribed on it yearly—that one name stands peerless—a star of the first magnitude, undimmed by the intervention of the least filmy cloudlet. Is not the honor worth the continued struggle to gain? And

beneath this point there is such a regular and systematic gradation of honorable distinction, that very many entertain to the end of the year a certain healthy hope, which alone commands sufficiently the most earnest exertions, to secure this laudible record of their names. And it will not be hard for you to conceive, stranger, how the praiseworthy emulation of a dozen of the best students would wield over the rest of them a most salutary and inspiring influence. Here are fifteen names written in golden characters on the wall itself, and set conspicuously among the charming frescoes in a frame of gold, that all visitors to the place may not fail to observe them. Illinois, Michigan, Pennsylvania, Indiana and Ohio have their honorable representatives.

By a little reflection you may discover that here is embodied in delicate abridgment the discipline of Notre Dame. Kindness and love are the elements they wish to bring to bear most prominently in the government, feeling that

"A talisman sent down from heaven,
A golden link to mortals flung,
They cannot slight a boon thus given."

This impels them to act on the nobler feelings of the heart in preference to exciting the degrading sentiment of fear of severe punishments. Under this disciplinary regimen young gentlemen are brought to feel that it is strictly incumbent on them to support the true dignity of manhood.

The extreme punishment next to expulsion borrows its sharpness from the same principle of emulation. It consists in taking a meal seated on a stool in the centre of the room, at what is called the *table of shame*. We will not linger here longer, but pass to the

Museum.

Here your attention will be arrested by several rare objects of interest in natural science. An unusually rich collection of botanical specimens, (about 4,000,) calls for the notice of the naturalist. This *Herbier*, as the French term it, is the result of the fifty years' labor of THOMAS CAUVIN, Ex-President of the European Scientific Congress. The department of ornithology is also well supplied both in large and small volatiles. Here are also specimens of Chinese porcelain, and some antiquities that will repay examination. Even the new set of American arms and accoutrements will be found interesting in point of finish and delicacy; and exercise with them is one of the modes of recreation of the senior class, as you must know there exists a military company in the University, and an organized band.

Visitors are sometimes fortunate enough to encounter Prof. Vagnier here. When he has leisure, he with much pleasant good humor affords a most interesting entertainment with the chemical apparatus, giving such lucid explanations of the experiments, that no one can fail to be pleased and instructed. All the branches of natural science are taught here, and the lectures are given with such simple and beautiful illustrations, that they are both interesting and easily comprehensible by the learner.

The Church of the University.

The whole of the painting was done by the hand of Prof. J. Ackermann, mentioned above.

Over the high altar, and beneath the apex of the four gracefully formed vaults, are inscribed the mottoes of the three societies composing the congregation of the Holy Cross, and in the fourth vault shines forth brightly the sacred emblem—the hope-inspiring cross.

Exquisitely beautiful are the two stained-glass windows which have been recently procured for the Church of the Sacred Heart, from one of the best manufactories in this branch of the fine arts in France, that of the Carmelites at Mans, in the department of Sarthe. The rose window between the two towers represents Heaven. On high is represented the blessed Trinity, while the lower part of the window reveals the figures of a multitude of Saints with their respective attributes. It was presented to the church by Mrs. M. PHÉLAN.

The great window behind the high altar,

“Brimming the Church with gold and purple mist,”

represents the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, with the empty tomb, around which are gathered the rapt and worshipful apostles.

These windows cannot fail to arrest the eye of the connoisseur in this species of art as being altogether of a superior and unique order of merit. When, however, I tell you that they are the product of the taste and skill of Mother Elenor, superioress of the monastery of Mt. Carmel, and of her artistic community, so justly famed in France and throughout Europe, you will be willing to yield yet more to the witchery of the admirable composition, and the charming felicity of the conceptions. The soft delicious radiance which streams through these windows is very unlike the garish and sight-afflicting hues of what commonly goes by the name of stained-glass, forming the usual accompaniment to the popular “carpenter’s Gothic.” “The Divine Face” near the great window, is also from Mother Elenor’s monastery, having been presented by her to Father Sorin about ten years ago. It cannot be too much praised as a work of art, and unsusceptible must be the eye and the heart which can pass it by with but a casual tribute of admiration. The good sisters who have sent to Notre Dame these specimens of their skill, have requested Father Sorin to use his influence to procure for them commissions from others in this country; and in fulfilling their wish he can honestly declare that, in his opinion, no establishment for the manufacture of stained-glass in Europe deserves to be more highly commended, as well for the extreme beauty and excellence of its fabrics, as for the remarkable cheapness at which they are afforded.*

*A little anecdote, connected with the painter of these two windows, which is told at Mans, it might not be out of place here to repeat:

One day, about twenty-five years ago, the Mantes diligence thundered into the *Place des Halles*, the point of arrival and departure of all the diligences at Mans, and the usual inquiry was made of the passengers as to their destination in the city. During the drive of fifty miles, the conductor had frequently remarked the *distingué* air of a young English lady of extreme beauty, then a recent convert to the Catholic church. Coming to her in turn, he asked where she wanted to be taken, and could scarcely credit his ears when he was told “to Mt. Carmel.” “To Mt. Carmel?” he exclaimed, and then began quite earnestly to expostulate. “You, Mademoiselle, to Mt. Carmel; it is too bad, too bad to bury such personal grace as yours in the gloomy

In the towers attached to the church are suspended twenty-three BELLS, which alone would render Notre Dame a place of singular interest. Brother Peter takes much pleasure in narrating their history, and in giving auricular evidence of their capability and power. But I shall leave enough for him to say, if I tell all I know of them before we get there.

These bells were imported from France in the year 1855, at a considerable cost, and were put up by one of the brothers, who certainly deserves much credit for mechanical talent. Twenty-two of them are chiming together every hour of the day and night. They play any piece of music that is put upon the cylinder. In twelve hours, a musician, aided by a boy, may cover the entire cylinder, which is three feet and a half in diameter, admitting of a sufficient number of tunes to occupy fifteen or twenty minutes in the execution. On great occasions seven of the largest bells may be seen swinging in full flight for a quarter of an hour three times during the day. This harmony of an octave of bells perfectly arranged, as well as the chime proper, cannot be described so as to convey any thing like an adequate notion of the reality—the bells must be heard and the machinery examined, in order to form any definite conception of them. Even in France these bells were considered an exquisite piece of art, and they never fail to delight a refined musical ear, whether they play tunes or ring in flight together, flinging harmony, like fragrance from flowers, over many miles around.

Well, you have seen and heard the bells, and listened to Brother Peter's discourse upon them, so we will hasten on. Now we take a winding path among these fine trees, and turning in the direction of the Noviciate, come in sight of

The Lakes.

The lakes contribute the finest feature to the natural beauties of Notre Dame. They are formed entirely from springs, and their transparent waters wash shores of clean white sand and pebbles, and hide in their recesses multitudes of the finny tribe of every variety, from sturgeon to minnow. They afford rare sport to the pleasure-loving students both in winter and summer; bathing, skating, fishing, or navigating in the tiny boat, which you are not seldom provoked to find in the possession of stranger occupants—visiting parties whiling away an hour in quiet pleasure. These lakes cover an area of about sixty-five acres, and their precincts are the resort of every species of game known in the country. Here wild ducks and geese, with many a bird of less degree, find their delight, till some fatal missile, from an unreflecting biped of the genus homo, puts an end to their innocent life of migratory joy.

Utility seems the law of being in the nineteenth century, and accordingly the bed of one of the lakes is converted into quite a source of revenue. You see over on the south side quite a villa of shanties? Well, during seven months of the year active laborers are here employed making lime out of the white marl which forms the floor of the lake. From recent comparative analysis it has

enclosure of Mt. Carmel." Nevertheless to Mt. Carmel the stranger went, carrying with her gifts far better than those the conductor so much valued, viz: a beautiful soul, filled with a love so high that nothing but God, the beauty increate, could satisfy it. All these intervening years she has been there, finding her true love in that calm retreat, in company with about twenty other fervent souls. In their leisure they paint church windows, which is their chief means of support.

been satisfactorily proved that this marl is superior, for the manufacture of lime, to any that has yet been discovered; and since an improved method of working and burning it has been adopted, the entire surrounding country has been convinced of its superiority even to stone lime, especially for plastering purposes. Every year adds to its celebrity, so that it is now shipped by car loads to the neighboring cities, and before long, I doubt not, it will give rise to a very important trade.

The Two Noviciates.

The first one, directly west of the University, was commenced in the year 1844, while the college was still building. There, in a small octagon chapel, the whole institution and congregation were for several years wont to assemble for divine service; but, stranger, they have outgrown these things; every thing has become too small altogether, and urgently demands enlargement—you can't find a nook or corner in the whole establishment but where the cry meets you, "We need so much more room, that this, that or the other work of usefulness may be undertaken or continued." This spring they contemplate taking down the first noviciate, in order to erect upon its site a much larger building, capable of accommodating from seventy-five to one hundred persons.

The island on which it stands, which from the first has borne the endearing and holy name of Mary, cannot but be dear to each member of a community that consecrates its united life to Jesus, Mary and Joseph, and the associations of years have added greatly to this endearment. Nearly all the American members look to this spot as their spiritual alma mater; here all who have been called by their Heavenly Father from their work below to their reward above have left their bodies reposing together in the beautiful cemetery that crowns the brow of the eminence on which the Noviciate is situated; and long rows of black crosses continually remind the living associates how their brethren gone before are awaiting them, ready to welcome them when the time of trial and labor shall be over.

This tender affection for this lovely spot has, as you see, led to its adornment beyond any other portion of the premises. Here are serpentine walks, rustic seats, and, loveliest of all amid the green, gleaming white statues of the glorious Queen of Heaven. The poetry of Italy seems transferred to this sunny isle, when on some grand festival processions are formed to manifest conspicuously the devotion that reigns in all hearts.

Among the various employments of the brothers, there is one pertaining exclusively to this isle. It is that of the cultivation of the vine and of the wheat for the adorable sacrifice of the altar. Here side by side they spring forth from the ground, and are perfected by the same genial atmosphere. The difficulty of readily procuring wine *known* to be entirely pure, for altar use, may have originally dictated this arrangement; but at any rate, there is a beautiful propriety in it, which cannot fail to strike pleasingly the eye of faith.

You have perceived before this that other establishment to the south. It is the new Noviciate of St. Aloysius, for the Priests of the Congregation. Here visitors are rarely admitted, that serious occupations may not be interrupted or disturbed. The grounds are larger, and very tastefully laid out and decorated. The house is also more extensive. But the chief beauty is the chapel, painted by Mr. Ackermann, in very artistic style. This is the place where all the religious sodalities of the college center, especially the members of the "Nocturnal Adoration."

St. Mary's.

Now as we are on our way to St. Mary's, through this fine park belonging to St. Aloysius, I shall have time to answer your question as to the relative number of Catholic and Protestant pupils in each institution. I should think it would be within the mark to set down the proportion as that of one-third of the latter to two-thirds of the former. You ask if there is any interference with the religious opinions of Protestants, any thing like systematic proselytism for instance. Not in the least; the thing has never been known in either institution. Instances have occurred, undoubtedly, where, on mature reflection, and with the full consent and approbation of their parents or guardians, Protestant pupils have become Catholics; but in no case has this grown out of any effort on the part of the authorities of the schools, or indeed of any one, to forestall the most free and spontaneous conviction; while in the great majority of cases, pupils not of our religion depart as in this respect they came, only it is likely with a far more favorable opinion of Catholics, wrought by habits of daily intercourse with them, and personal and original knowledge of what they and their religion really are.

Continuing along this path, we shall soon find ourselves at the red cross gate, from which may be had a distinct view, in front, of the buildings of St. Mary's. This cultivated field that we have to cross before reaching the gate, belongs to the original ground of the college. Here we cross the highway leading from South Bend to Niles, and find ourselves on the other side of the boundary line separating the college grounds from those of St. Mary's Academy. The gate of the Academy is attended by a lone Indian, one of the few remaining in the region. His cottage stands before you as a porter's lodge on the public road. Kindness and charity bestowed this situation, when old age and infirmity were upon him.

St. Mary's Academy, to which is added a noviciate, a deaf and dumb school, and a manual labor school for young girls, conducted on the same plan as that at Notre Dame, is situated most charmingly on the high bank overlooking the St. Joseph, which seems tenderly to encircle its loved charge. These waters, among other peculiarities, possess the strange one of never freezing over in the coldest weather.

As you have time, and desire to see each nook of beauty nature has lent for man's ingenuity to enhance and perfect around the place, we will take the path that leads along the river's margin, and if you do not fear a little fatigue, we will diverge abruptly from our direct course to enjoy one of nature's enchanting fantasies. Now pause just here where the river bends sharply, giving a most magnificent scene for the pencil to transfer to canvass. On the opposite side the country is flat, but softly verdant, and we have in sight each indentation and little promontory upon the eastern bank, most to be admired when bathed in the beauty of the first auroral light. Now we will descend, and with a bound cross this dancing rivulet, gleefully hastening to rest itself in St. Joseph's bosom. Each new stopping place unfolds to our eyes an unexpected arrangement of the entrancing picture before us. This point has many charms for me, and in the first opening spring when renewing nature speaks of the strength derived in the cold silent winter, as strength is given to interior life by congealing sorrows and trials, which at length bud and blossom in pleasant virtues, I seek this place to spend an hour of joy in companionship with St. Francis de Sales or with Faber, the absent living, or the living dead being here present to me.

When you have satisfied your gaze, we will retrace our steps, and if you are not tired of walking in an almost horizontal position, we will clamber along till we have come to the group of the sulphur springs, gushing from the side hill. We shall have notice of their proximity by the sound of a little hammer, which some ingenious child has amused itself by so contriving that it works constantly from the fall of the water, which also carries a miniature water-wheel. I speak of these apparently unimportant things, since to me they indicate the freedom and naturalness with which childhood is nurtured here. At this point we discover rude steps fixed in the bank, which render the ascent to the path much less difficult. We arrive by means of these under the shade of a fine tree, known as St. Joseph's. Affection for this Saint, the protector of the purity of the Blessed Mary, has impelled some one to insert within this tree a miniature grotto with an image of St. Joseph standing in the midst. This is seen through a glass set in the bark. We may rest ourselves underneath the branches, for we shall find a number of rustic seats prepared for the accommodation of the sisters and the pupils of the Academy, whose favorite resort it is during the hours of recreation in the warm summer months. There could not be a more charming walk than this along the bank. On the right lie the extensive pleasure grounds, which when finished according to the design will be fairy-like in loveliness.

These buildings of St. Mary's before us accommodate two hundred persons, the pupils numbering from seventy-five to one hundred. Still it is absolutely impossible for the institution to receive all who come.

Here also they are contemplating the speedy erection of a magnificent establishment, to be commenced in May or June next. When this shall have been accomplished, the excellent system of education will have freedom to unfold itself more and more in its perfectness. It is but just to inform you that St. Mary's dates her beginning here only from four years ago, and the buildings were old when brought here. Stranger, I may seem enthusiastic for an American, and one whose years have taught him that nothing human can be perfect, but it will not be surprising when I inform you that in my early years I was a Protestant. In those days my heart ached when I contemplated the prevalent system of education, and I joined with thousands of others in talking of educational reform; and seeing that there was something wrong, I in common with these began to protest against Protestantism, and to rack my poor brain to find some feasible plan for the spread of true light and knowledge, which, as yet, we ourselves could not find. Oh, how my inmost heart yearned to see these United States delivered from the slavery of ignorance. One thing I knew, that love and good will to man was the only power strong enough to accomplish it. Ambition, love of renown, or love of gain, never could do it—they were not enduring enough for success. Then God opened my eyes to see the Catholic faith in all its beauty—the faith that I had been taught to despise, to dread—the faith of all others deemed the most absurd and basely tyrannical. Then arose before me the solid foundation walls of Christian education; I saw the beautiful superstructure reared upon them, and learned that reform in education meant simply a return from the new to the old paths; knew that the shattered wreck whose fragments bore the name of the much vaunted modern educational system was but the ruins brought out by Protestantism from the true church. Providence brought me into the neighborhood of Notre Dame, and I have had a pretty good opportunity of investigating the system here carrying out, and when I say it realises, and more than realises, all my former ideal of a system, I am saying little, and uttering but faint and inadequate praise. This is why I am enthusiastic, as day by day I guide visitors over this place of rest and quiet happiness.

It is unnecessary for me minutely to describe St. Mary's while we go over it, as the foundation-principle and development are the same as at Notre Dame. But the place will be none the less interesting to you, for there are many pleasant things to enjoy, among which I must not fail to particularize music. In this department we may enjoy an entertainment whose delights, treasured in our heart of hearts, may abide with us and be reproduced again as we travel along the dusty and toilsome road of life. The ornamental work is also worth a close examination, as you may conclude from the specimens at the college. The scrupulous neatness observable in every part of the buildings and premises, cannot fail to make a favorable impression upon every visitor, and it has a most salutary influence over all here.

We will now visit the grounds behind the buildings; we find them harmonizing in design and arrangement with the other grounds not yet finished. A broad gravel walk, bordered with flowers, leads to a statue of our Blessed Mother, a picturesque and beautiful terminus of the path, especially when you catch a glimpse of it from the front grounds through the main hall of the Academy. It stands on an elevated mound, and it is a pleasing emotion that is called forth by the sight of children of infantile years kneeling around the shrine of her who bore in her arms that Divine Child who for our sakes became a feeble infant in the flesh.

On the bank of the river to the south, is the latticed house of the Holy Angels, so termed from the association of that name in the academy, composed of the youngest pupils. Here they learn to feel the constant presence of an angel mentor, to whom they were committed by the Almighty at their birth. It will be easy for a reflecting mind to imagine the powerful influence for good this may be made to exert over trusting childhood. The religious sodalities here labor under the disadvantage of having no chapel of their own. They are intending to erect one without delay. It is to be planned after the model of the holy house of Loretto, the house of miracles, where the Immaculate Mother of the Desired of all Nations was born; where the angel saluted her as full of grace, and announced the sublime agency to be accorded her in the new creation of mankind through the incarnation of the Eternal Word; where Joseph dwelt and Jesus lived his hidden life. The building will be of the dimensions of twenty-nine by thirteen feet, and nineteen feet high, and its position among the trees on the bank will add much to its effect. The funds of the sodalities are not as yet quite equal to the undertaking, therefore any contribution will be thankfully received, and no benefactor's name will be forgotten in the innocent petitions of childhood to the holy angels, or in the prayers of maturer age among the children of Mary or the living rosary.

We have another walk to take, which should never be neglected or forgotten by the lover of natural beauty. This is a visit to the island, for St. Mary's boasts her island as well as Notre Dame. It is known by the name of St. Angela's island, in honor of St. Angela, foundress of the first order which embraced in its plan of education, the education of the rich as well as the poor. This island was blessed by the Father General of the Order of Holy Cross, who visited here in the autumn of 1857. An evening procession, bearing lighted tapers, was formed on this occasion, the grove through which we are passing being beautifully illuminated. This is a somewhat romantic path, is it not, sir? Yet much of its deepest poetry is hidden from the eyes of the stranger, who knows not what reminiscences cluster round each wild vine bower, or fragrant dell, or quick declivity, leading to the graceful bridge that spans the waters separating the island from the main land. Before we leave the bridge, we notice

a large wooden cross upon the remains of an altar. These are grand old trees, and katyids and whippowills take refuge in their branches, while the shimmering stars play bo-peep with them in the depths of the water, and anon the silvery moon bursts from her cloudy drapery and instantaneously displays the verdant trees in rich embroidery at our feet.

On many of the trees you will see rude crosses cut. These mark the places where a few months since a young man from the cheerless desert of the world, in the newness of his spiritual life, came to make the stations of the cross; and so each tree before which he knelt in contemplative converse with the suffering Christ, he marked with this rude but sacred sign.

You seem tired, stranger, and we will take our homeward way by a path that will give us a peep at the huge wash-house close under the high bank. Here the washing is done for the entire community, the college and the academy. I do not know whether you can gain admittance to the interior; certainly not without a special permit, as they do not like to be interfered with either by residents or strangers; but we will take a look at the outside, ascend this tedious hill and seat ourselves in the convenient house of the Holy Angels. Here we may enjoy the sunset, gorgeous on the leafy sward, and while we are here a steamboat may chance to pass along the watery way beneath, or we may espy the iron horse careering along with his captive train behind him. And to the north we may see the sunset halo tinging the tall cross that marks the Cemetery of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, where but few have yet been interred.

We have now performed hastily the circuit of St. Mary's, though we have passed over much that is interesting; and so stranger I bid you a kindly adieu, thankful for the patient ear you have accorded me during our protracted tour around the premises of Notre Dame and St. Mary's. And I doubt not that after what you have seen and heard, you will join with me in the earnest hope and prayer, that not only may these institutions continue the founts of every precious blessing to the young of a generation than which none ever more needed the health-giving influences of a sound Christian education, but that they may attain a magnitude commensurate with the wide spread need of such an education at the present time.

Pardon me, stranger, "another last word," ere we part. It is suggested by the lovely stillness and repose of the hour and the scene. What an advantage to an educational establishment to be situated aloof from the distracting life of cities, and yet to be within ready access from the great centres of business, east and west. This advantage is pre-eminently enjoyed by Notre Dame and St. Mary's. They are within three days journey of New York, and about as many hours ride of Chicago. Yet what an unbroken tranquillity reigns around them, inviting the mind to that inward world which is to be the arena of its toils and triumphs during the happy years of mental and moral discipline and formation. The proximity also of the two institutions to each other is not only a great convenience to parents having children at both when they come to visit their sons and daughters, but, in my opinion, exerts on the one hand a refining influence on the students of the College, and on the other tends to render more robust and solid the education at St. Mary's. Not that this influence arises from the interchange of visits. Of course no visits are allowed but those of brothers to sisters at stated times. But the studies and discipline of both institutions are directed and presided over by the same society, are constructed on the same general idea; plans which succeed well in one are introduced into the other, and thus the two come to have an efficiency and perfection which they could never have by themselves alone.

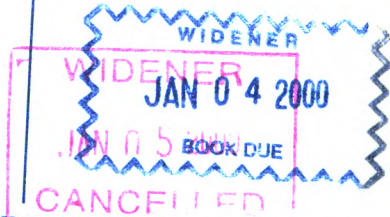
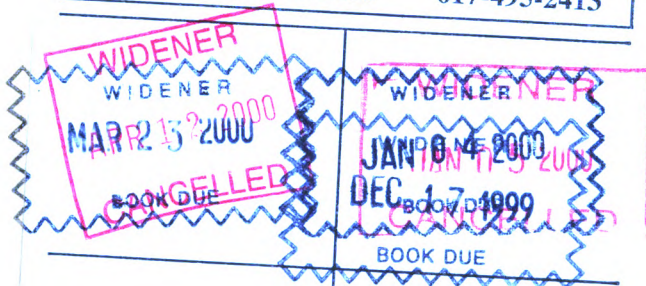


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